

Ride

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Ride

by [Cut Me Open](#)

Summary

"I can ride you, right?"

"Alright, take me Dream."

I have a stupid gremlin brain.

But if you saw the stream, howdy.

Notes

I know Dream said he likes to read fanfics sometimes bc he think they're funny

so if Dream happens to find this

Please turn back

I'm sorry

Warm hands gripped his flushed thighs. George moaned, feeling the head of Dreams cock pressing against his slick hole. He had one hand grabbing the base of Dreams dick, the other splayed across the blonds chest. Dream smirked up at him, green eyes flashing mischievously. George narrowed his eyes, opening his mouth to ask what the face he was making was for. But the hands on his

thighs gripped hardened and- slammed him down.

The brunet moaned loudly, covering up Dreams own breathless moan, and squeezed his legs against Dreams waist. He whimpered and grabbed at Dreams forearms, leaning his head down against the blonds chest. He panted harshly, trembling. His own cock twitched and throbbed, begging for any kind of attention. "Aww, George, I thought you said you wanted to ride me." Dream teased. He bucked his hips, earning another moan from the red faced boy on top of him.

"*Dreeaammmmm.*" George keened, sitting himself up. His half lidded gaze fell down upon flushed freckled cheeks. "*Shut up.*" His chest heaved with his efforts of calming his racing heart. The sudden fullness inside of him pushed away any coherent thoughts, the sting from the intrusion, mixing with the pleasure of being filled left him dizzy. For a moment all he could do was sit and adjust.

The blond laughed, watching the other squirm in his lap. "*What? Did I hear you wrong before?*" He pulled his arms away from George to prop himself on his elbows instead. "You just wanted to be my little cock warmer?" The Brit whimpered, biting at his kiss bruised lip. Dream rocked his hips up into Georges again, groaning. He let his head lull back, his pelvis rolling in continuous small circles.

The brunet braced himself against the others chest, lifting up a few inches. Brown eyes locked onto the blonds heaving chest. Sweat pooled around his collarbone, shining softly in the dim torch light. The humid summer heat wafted through the windows, making Georges mind fuzzy. He dropped back down slowly, moaning quietly at the wet friction. Dreams knees spread apart, feet pressed firmly into the mattress as George bounced tortuously slow in his lap.

He groaned low in his throat, listening to the others moans and whimpers. The blond lifted his arms, dropping back down on the bed, hands trailing teasingly up Georges thighs. "You feel so *good* around me, baby." He rasped out, watching the brunet look away shyly and arch his back. George moved his hands to lay on top of Dreams, gasping when he felt the larger fingers squeeze for a moment.

He pulled one of Dreams hands upwards, settling it on his waist. His other hand got dragged to his aching cock, silently begging for Dream to touch him. The blond smirked at him, ignoring his plea and pulling said hand away completely. He laid his arm beneath his head, winking at the frustrated male. "That- that's not *fair!*" He cried out, speeding up his now frantic pace. "You know what I want first." Dream growled out, rolling his hips up every time George sunk down.

Moans, growls and harsh breaths almost completely smothered the sound of skin slapping skin, but the only sounds Dream could focus on were Georges. They spilled out of his pretty mouth like a water fountain. "*Dream, please.*" He wailed, going rigid when the head of Dreams cock slammed into his prostate. His thighs quivered, tired and straining to keep up his pace. When Dream only cocked a brow and didn't make an effort to touch him, the Brit tried to reach for his dick with his own hands.

But both of Dreams hands shot forward, easily wrapping around the others slim wrists. George tried to pull away, huffing past a moan when he couldn't. "Be a good boy, George. *You know what I want.*" The blonds husky voice sent a spike of white hot arousal up his spine. The brunet shook his head, avoiding the gaze of those piercing green eyes. "Well, guess I'll just finish this up myself." The American drawled out, ignoring the others yelp as they suddenly flipped.

The Brit whimpered as his cock slid put. Dream manhandled George until his face pressed into the pillows, ass in the air. Lithe arms folded behind his back, held by one of Dreams hands. The blond grasped his cock with his right hand, slipping the head inside of the other. George wriggled under

him, keening. "Please Dream. *Please- Fuck-*" He begged, pushing his hips back towards the blond. Dream slid in slowly, taking his hand away from his dick, lunging forward to grab a handful of dark brown hair.

He pressed hard on Georges arms, the hand in his hair snatching him backwards. Georges spine arched taught, almost painfully so. He pulled back and slammed his hips forward, forcing a whorish moan out of Georges throat. The loud slapping of Dreams skin slapping against Georges ass repeatedly, and the string of moans and swears from the pair filled small room. A loud announcement to anyone who happened to wander a bit too close to the pop-up shack out of curiosity.

"*Dream- please-please-! Dream!*" George wailed, trying frantically to shove his hips back to meet each of Dreams brutal thrusts. Tears stung the corner of his brown eyes, his mouth hung open, filling Dreams ears with obscene noises and sharp gasps. "*Fuck, baby*, if you give me what I want, then I'll give you what you want." Dream growled out, mouth hovering just above the brunets ear.

Georges cock twitched uselessly between his legs. He opened and closed his mouth, trying to form words. He mouthed the words, unable to force them out. "What was that? *I. Can't. Hear. You.*" Each word was accompanied by a hard thrust, slamming right into his prostate. He added more pressure to Georges arms, causing him to arch farther. "*I-I-I LOVE YOU! Dream- I love you! I-I-*" George sobbed, "*please-*" The hand on Georges back let go, trailing around to his leaking dick. The one in his hair swiftly moving to easily hold him up by the throat. "*Good boy!*" He praised. "Good boy. *Oh fuck-* I love you too, baby."

He pumped Georges cock in time with his thrusts, hearing the brunet gasp and whine as he tried to buck into Dreams hand. Dream squeezed Georges throat lightly, feeling his adams apple bob under his palm. His thin body pressed into the soft yet firm muscles of the others torso. The blonds thumb brushed lightly over the glans of Georges length, and- "*Dream!*" The Brit gasped out breathlessly, spilling over his hand.

The wet, slick heat squeezed around his cock. Dream groaned, stilling, fully inside the other. He pressed his hand harder into Georges throat, using his grip to turn his head. The blond pulled him into a sloppy kiss, hot cum shooting deep inside of the warm cavern. Dream gave the brunets spent cock one more stroke, making the other mowl into his mouth. He gently pulled out, and laid the Brit on his back, keeping his legs spread.

George blushed harder, lazily trying to pull his thighs together. Yet Dream held them open, watching with a lust filled gaze as cum oozed out of his abused, sore hole. "I think I should get you a plug. Keep all of my cum inside of you." George flung an arm over his face, groaning. "*Stop.*" He hissed, soft cock trying to twitch at the thought. Dream laughed, reaching into a chest to get the cleaning items he packed.

Dream watched the others breathing slow back down to a normal pace. the brunet peaked from behind the arm 'shield'. He gulped, face still a bright red and whispered, "I love you, Dream." The blonds heart skipped a beat as he looked down at the timid man. He smiled goofily, leaning down to place a kiss on the corner of his soft lips. "I know."

Yeah, he supposed he deserved the pillow that slapped him in the face.

Sapnap looked up from the farm, watching George trying to outrun Dream, to no avail. The masked man caught him by the back of the shirt, they tumbled into the water, Dreams mask flinging off as he rolled. George was the first to pop out, gasping for air and giggling. Dream popped up shortly after, hacking up a piece of sea grass that went in his mouth. Dream scowled at Sapnap, who was now dying of laughter. With a shared glance between the two soaked guys, they reached up to the edge, each grasping a pant leg and pulling him under.

Sapnap yelped as he was dragged under, hearing the wheezes and giggles of his friends before he was submerged in the freezing water. When he resurfaced with a loud gasp of air the others had already started swimming away. He watched Dream gaze lovingly at the oblivious brunet. George was busy trying to untangle Dreams mask from a piece of seaweed. Sapnap sighed, man, he really wished they'd just get together already.

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